

Why a Scar?

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Summary: Harry's been abandoned by his best mate, Ronald Weasley, what if Hermione had done the same. With neither of them believing him he never entered his name into the tournament. Is Blaise Zabini a blessing or curse to Harry's life? Blaise wants to know why Harry appears to hate his scar, something he has never admitted to any person. What makes this Slytherin different from the rest?

Why a Scar?

Harry was out on Hogwarts grounds by the lake as he sighed with anger. Fingers trailed the strands of grass while he gazed dejectedly at the sky. His friends had abandoned him when he needed them most; it was his third year all over again like the argument over the Firebolt, Crookshanks and Scabbers. Ron's jealousy had finally hit its mark as he turned to an outcast of the Gryffindor House. Even his most trusted, Hermione, turned her nose at his words. She didn't neglect him as the fellow Weasley had; but it hurt all the same. Though she wouldn't let his death be on her conscious, hence the spells the bookworm had been showing him.

The shock all came down to Professor Severus Snape. Never was there a day Harry considered going to the Potions Master and thanking him. Though the fellow Gryffindors thought he was seeking fame, his tutor knew differently. At first the boy that Snape assigned to Potter was wary, always on guard, a true Slytherin. He was silent at first with no need for idle chatter. The change had resulted because of the Triwizard Champion. The partnership happened before the champion's announcement in the Great Hall. Yet the young Slytherin was the only one to see his inner-turmoil. It didn't take a Ravenclaw to know that the Gryffindor hadn't done this willingly; especially when the fourteen year old tried to slump further in his seat, wanting to hide within the castle walls and shadows.

Blaise Zabini could almost feel sympathy for his potions partner. He

blended in with the forestry as he studied Harry glaring at the sky. He wasn't the only one who noticed that the Boy-Who-Lived never ate in the Great Hall anymore. The answers were delivered in an abandoned classroom on the sixth floor at the time. The Gryffindor had shadows under his eyes as he outburst what the fourth years had done to the boy. Isolated from his peers and even cursed if he wasn't careful. Blaise's lips twitched in humor as Harry made an almost perfect Shrinking Solution. Potter had never needed a tutor; his nerves were struck down by the Professor himself. The downgrading created a lack of confidence in a crowd for the remaining Potter heir.

Blaise's brown eyes hardened when he got the full story of Harry's abandonment from the Lions by the lake. Weren't houses supposed to stick together no matter the problem? His answer had been no if the story of his first year was anything to go by, shunned by every member of his house because of loss of points except his fellow three Gryffindors. It was no shock to them to discover they had grown closer by their problems. The half-Italian got repeatedly lectured by the blond Malfoy. If the Slytherin had never befriended the youngest Seeker, he may have taken a "Potter Stinks, Cedric Rules" badge. The young Zabini used to ask why Harry was so distrustful of Slytherin. Never receiving an answer except, "You're different." Blaise had never been more confused up until his confrontation with the Malfoy heir, as it was more of a Slytherin response than Gryffindor. Though Harry was being more open about most of his life than even his closest friends, Blaise could tell he was being tight lipped about something.

Bringing the half-Italian out of his musing to where he had been watching Harry for over thirty minutes unaware. Straying out into the sun by the lake did he hesitantly lay back to replica the emerald-eyed boy's current position. Their skin almost touching before Blaise brought Harry's anger down a notch or three. The surprise in his bright, green orbs was almost laughable as the Slytherin dragged the boy's head in his lap.

"You were brooding."

"Was not," Harry muttered as he relaxed upon feeling Blaise's fingers threading his hair. He missed these moments were the olive-toned man could calm him so easily. Though Harry never said it in words, his actions showed he despised what the Lions did to him. The answers behind why wouldn't be revealed to the young Slytherin till their next conversation.

"Harry," Blaise muttered in the boy's raven-black hair.

"Mmm," the Gryffindor turned his head slightly to look at his fellow rival.

"Why do you hate your scar?" Was the innocent question.

Harry immediately stiffened at the words. This was not how he expected his free afternoon to go after the second task. Another thing that brought the two boys together had been that very task. Not only Hermione had been taken but the half-Italian had been as well. Harry wasn't sure what prompted him to tell Blaise; perhaps it was how he caressed the lightning bolt with his forefinger with upmost affection.

"The scar isn't just about being identified as the Boy-Who-Lived. It's more than that," Harry began as he sat up from Blaise's lap and rested on his knees across from him.

Harry's statement rang in Blaise's eyes. He always knew that his scar was the symbol of his survival from the killing curse. It displayed who he was as did the Malfoy's traditional hair or his mother's so called relationships. He knew for one this wasn't a happy tale, his life was example of that. Blaise knew his scar didn't identify him as a person, like his own mother didn't. Blaise never knew how much his opinion rang true.

"They all think I should be famous for something I never did." Harry's voice grew soft. "I never did anything; my mother's protection is what saved me from the Killing Curse. I still remember the green flash."

Blaise's eyes widened in disbelief, he would never had believed the boy's last words if it didn't come directly from his lips. A memory was brought to surface of Malfoy's gloating of last year that Potter had fainted on the Hogwarts Express. The realization hit the Slytherin hard behind the reason of the particular fainting. After all he had been passing their compartment at the time when the Gryffindor had mentioned he heard screaming. It made the young Zabini glad his family had always been neutral in the war.

Unwillingly did Blaise's voice soften, "That's what you saw with the Dementors, wasn't it?"

The fourth-year Gryffindor gave a brief nod. "I heard her pleading and scream after my dad attempted to hold Voldemort off."

Blaise didn't even flinch or protest at the use of the Dark Lord's name, something that pleased Harry. Hermione and Ron had the opposite effect and would always argue not to say his name. Even though Hermione always said, "Fear of a name, increase the fear of the thing itself."

"I don't want to be like him," Harry whispered.

Blaise's resolve broke at the fourteen year old's words. He brought the raven-haired boy to his side as Harry elaborated.

"He's the reason I spoke Parseltongue in second year and can sometimes see into his mind. There's a reason why I was almost sorted into Slytherin."

"Harry, you're nothing like the Dark Lord." Harry was about to protest before Blaise interrupted him. "You never murdered innocent lives or your parents for that matter. Being a Slytherin doesn't make you dark. Every house has its own qualities though we tend to get the bad reputation for it. Parseltongue isn't a dark art, it's a gift passed down from Salazar Slytherin. It's only because of Voldemort that a gift was known as a Dark Art."

Harry smiled, "Who are you and what have you done with Blaise Zabini?"

Blaise gave a small smile. "Does the scar give you any pain?" The Slytherin's tone radiated curiosity.

Harry slowly nodded his head best he could as he was still plastered to the Slytherin's side. "Only when he's close by or feeling any strong emotion, I hate the connection. It's the reason I have no family."

Blaise couldn't blame the Slytherin in Gryffindor clothing for his current opinion, though the comment about his family caught him off guard. Didn't Harry live with his mother's relatives and were they so bad that he never spoke of them?

Harry couldn't take back what he said, there was a reason he never spoke about the Dursley's. Yet it appeared that Blaise wanted to know, but would never push for answers to satisfy their curiosity. The Slytherin was truly different from Malfoy's group. "I hate the fame that came with merely existing. I never wanted to be center of attention like most claim. I just want to be normal, just for one year. Merlin, more like I want to be normal for just one day, is that too much to ask," Harry muttered at the end of his rant.

To say Blaise was surprised by Harry's words would be an understatement. His words explained so much about who the "Boy-Who-Lived" really was as a person and not an icon. Showing him how unjustified his Head of House was to the young boy. That the Professor was positive Harry radiated in his unclaimed fame and arrogant as the most traditional Gryffindors that he had taught. The young Potter was a Gryffindor, yet his qualities were showing his inner Slytherin. If his witty remarks made to Draco were any to show and his display of resourcefulness in the first task and the rumors from the past three years.

Harry had assumed their original position from the beginning of their meeting with his head back into Blaise's lap with his fingers resuming its activity after he shifted from his arms. It was as if he wanted to be caught in such a public place.

"You never answered my earlier question about why you didn't want to be in Slytherin. We're not all dark wizards." Blaise looked down at the young Seeker.

Harry blew air at Blaise who mock glared at the boy in question. "I know that now. But at the time I was told every dark wizard had been in Slytherin since I had been raised by muggles and recently met Malfoy in Diagon Alley."

Blaise chuckled, which Harry felt, "Not the best example of our house, I assure you."

"I imagine not," Harry grinned up at Blaise.

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